

The News
Wants
Your
"Want"
Advertisements
in its
"Want"
Column.

WANTS, LOST, ETC.
Notices under this head inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

WANTED.

Those who have horses or cattle which they desire pastured to call upon or write to A. S. Bean, West Bethel, Maine, who has excellent pastures situated in Albany, Mason, and the Fryburg Academy Grant.

WANTED.

The citizens of Bethel to know that I have fitted up a new milk team, and am prepared to furnish good milk to any one in need of same. The milk will be delivered in the morning before six o'clock. All pails will be taken with the cans to keep them sweet and clean.

Milinery.

New goods at the millinery rooms of E. & B. Curtis, corner of Mechanic and Railroad Sts., for sale. Also the entire stock and fixtures. Liberal discount made to party purchasing.

For Sale Cheap.

One three-seated spring board with pole, one farm wagon, one open buggy, one pair driving harness, one pair working harness, one single harness.

WANTED.

The Boys and Girls in Oxford County who read the Bethel News to save the votes contained therein for me, and to the one who will send the largest number between now and June 17th I will give a nicely bound book of the "Jack Harkaway" series.

AGENTS WANTED.

In every city and town in Maine for STEARNS, FOLMIST, TRIBUNE, and FLECKER Bicycles. Apply at once to F. O. BAILEY & CO., State Agents, 46 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.

Lost.

In Bethel, a pair of gold boxed spectacles which the finder is kindly requested to forward the subscriber who will give a suitable reward.

Wanted.

Customers for our \$2.50 and \$5.00 cameras. Also finishing for amateurs.

Found.

The place to buy a good Camera for \$2.50, at Flag & Plummer's, Lewiston, Me.

Wanted.

Those interested in dairying to know that I have the agency for several towns in Oxford County, for the De Laval Cream Separator. Please call and examine this machine as you are losing too much cream by the old process.

HAIR CURLERS

5 & 10 CENTS.

L. C. HALL.

C. L. DAVIS,

General Trucking and Dealer in

COAL, ICE, &c.

Trucking of every kind promptly attended to. Orders to be left at home.

C. L. DAVIS,

MAIN STREET, BETHEL, MAINE

Lovejoy House,

W. F. Lovejoy & Son, Prop's,

BETHEL HILL, MAINE.

This popular house has been repaired since last season, the stable and outbuildings have been moved to the rear of the house, thus leaving the view of the Mountains unobstructed. Parties wanting a quiet summer home will find this one of the most desirable places in the Mountain region.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to protect your ideas, that you may bring your wealth.

Write JOHN W. WATKINS & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.50 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars

Reward for any case of Catarrh

that cannot be cured by Hall's

Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.

Toledo, Ohio.

We the undersigned, have known

F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years,

and believe him perfectly honora-

ble in all business transactions

and financially able to carry out

any obligations made by their

firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Drug-

gists, Toledo, O., Wadling, Kinnam

& Marvin, Wholesale Druggists,

Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken

internally, acting directly upon

the blood and mucous surfaces of

the system. Price, 75c per bottle

Sold by all Druggists. Testimo-

nials free.

The News has nearly

1,300

subscribers and is increasing daily.

The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1897.

Vol. III. No. 2

Town Topics.

The Methodist church is being painted.

R. W. Glidden is spending a few days at the Lakes.

The Ladies' Club will meet in the Chapel Thursday P. M.

Miss Lulu Bryant was visiting at South Paris last Thursday.

Mr. Herman Mason is spending the week at his Bethel home.

Mr. Chester Wheeler of Auburn, was at home on a short visit last Sunday.

Miss Lottie Fox goes to Portland this week to remain during the summer.

The Literary Society will meet next Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Abial Chandler.

Mrs. O. M. Mason and her father are attending the Universalist Convention, which is in session in Rockland.

Boils, pimples and eruptions, scrofula, salt rheum and all other manifestations of impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Aid to the Woman's Maine Missionary Auxiliary will meet in Garland Chapel at 3 o'clock. All interested in the mission work of Maine are most cordially invited to attend.

We regret to miss from our streets, our social life, and from our church, the fine presence of young Marshall Lawrence, who has completed his course of study with Miss True and returned to his home in Iowa.

The following persons of our village attended "The Little Andros-coggin Valley Sunday School Association" at Paris Hill last Thursday. Judge E. W. Woodbury, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Wilson, C. H. Davis, C. O. Foster, Rev. A. Hamilton, Miss Cora Bean, Miss Alice Hamilton and Rev. Israel Jordan.

Reception Given by Miss Purington.

The interests of our little village world during Commencement week of Gould's Academy always centers in the graduating class of that institution, and year after year we find ourselves glowing with pride in the successes of its members. This year we have unusual cause for self congratulation in the fact that the Commencement concert was given by home talent exclusively, and in point of skill and finish is universally pronounced one of the finest entertainments ever given here.

A full report being given elsewhere in this issue, we may not say more, except that we are, and we think pardonably, very proud of ourselves. The crowning event of the week, and one that distinguishes it in a manner long to be remembered, is the reception given by Miss Alice Purington, the lady principal of the Academy, to the graduating class, students, and friends of the institution, at the residence of her father, Mr. J. U. Purington.

It was a gracious courtesy on the part of Miss Purington and her parents, and was most thoroughly appreciated by those who were so fortunate as to be her guests on Friday evening. The brilliantly lighted rooms were most tastefully decorated for the occasion by a profusion of flowers and potted plants, the mantels and fireplaces being banked very effectively with greens and flowers.

Miss Purington was assisted in receiving by Principal Flood, Mr. Small and Miss Ethel Richardson and Miss Winnie Hall, the fair young alumnae. Miss Purington and the young ladies were handsomely gowned in white muslin, and made a charming picture standing against an artistically arranged background of vines and blossoms. In the dining-room the decorations were of yellow and green, the class colors, and there Miss Bertha Wiley and Miss Joan Stearns, two graduates of the class of '96, presided gracefully over a daintily laid table.

They were assisted in serving the chocolate, Russian tea and confections by Misses Beatrice and Vivian Kelliher, Miss Barbara Carter, Miss Anna Carlson, Miss Mabel Shaw and Mr. Charles Holmes. One of the particularly pleasing features of the occasion was in the willing services rendered by Miss Purington's pupils, Mr. Robert Bisbee, Mr. Harry Farwell and Mr. Winifred Lowell acting as ushers, while Miss Sally Chapman and Miss Sarah Farwell lent deft and smiling assistance in the ladies' dressing room. The manifest spirit of happiness and good cheer that characterized the assembly was such as to satisfy the most ambitious hostess, and Miss Purington has every reason to congratulate herself upon the entire success of the delightful event with which she closes her altogether successful year's work.

Graduation Exercises of the Class of '97, Gould's Academy.

On entering Odeon Hall last Thursday evening, the eye met a pretty sight. The stage was decorated with ever-greens and potted plants; the class motto, "Wait, Work, Win," was wrought in letters of gold upon a back ground of green, and the dainty furnishings gave the effect of a drawing room in a pleasant refined home. The very atmosphere bespoke the occasion; and one felt impressed with the fact that the evening was to mark the passing of some important milestone on life's journey. The class of '97 of Gould's Academy was not greeted by the proverbial June day, which is said to add its charm to graduation days, but it was greeted by a host of friends, whose happy, eager faces were an assurance of their interest in the Academy, its teachers and students. The light, airy gowns worn by the young ladies gave a cheer that contrasted strangely with the clouds and rain of the preceding days.

The following program was carried out to a perfection that left no opportunity for criticism.

- PROGRAM.
- Prayer. O. Metra
- 1 Summer Fancies. Chorus.
- 2 Duet. Mrs. Finney and Miss Frost.
- 3 Essay—The Path of Life. Winifred Hall.
- 4 Quartette—"Tis but the Sparrow's Song." Mrs. Tolson, Misses Frost, Grover, and Purington.
- 5 Solo—Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender. Mr. Bennett C. Snyder.
- 6 Quartette—"The Broken Pitcher." Mrs. Finney, Misses Frost, Grover, and Purington.
- 7 Voices of the Woods. Rubenstein Chorus.
- 8 Duet—Merry June. Vincent Miss Grover and Mr. Snyder.
- 9 Quartette—"Where are You Going to My Pretty Maid." Hill Mrs. Finney, Misses Frost, Grover, and Purington.
- 10 Essay—Character. Ethel Marie Richardson.
- 11 Prison Scene from "Il Trovatore." Classical Course
- 12 Presentation of Diplomas.
- 13 Class Song.

Miss Winifred Hall gave a very graceful salutatory and The Path of Life was followed in her essay with breadth of thought and depth of meaning that showed earnest effort and an insight into the real meaning of life.

Miss Ethel Marie Richardson in well chosen words and in a pleasing manner gave the valedictory and paid a touching tribute to trustees, teachers, and scholars. Her essay, Character, was full of bright thought and a high value placed upon its possession. The young ladies fairly earned the many compliments they have received upon their scholarly essays.

The "Philoel Chorus" was enjoyed by all, and the young ladies showed careful training under the instruction of Miss Purington.

The quartettes and duets were all of high order, the selections being exceedingly fortunate. The solo by B. C. Snyder was thoroughly enjoyed as the hearty applause testified, and Mr. Snyder did an appropriate and graceful thing to give as an encore "Goodbye, Sweet Day" from our own gifted Maine poet, Kate Vannah. The Prison Scene from "Il Trovatore" was a pleasing feature of the program and was made most realistic by the stage appointments and the perfection with which Mrs. F. B. Tuell took her part.

Hon. A. E. Herrick in a few very appropriate remarks presented the diplomas and two more young ladies stepped "across the threshold" which has so much of bright hope beyond, yet always leaves a shadow of sadness as the door closes silently between the past, filled with pleasant memories, and the future yet unfordden.

The class song was written by Miss Alice Purington, and sung by the graduates, assisted by an invisible choir which added to the effect, and the Farewell was spoken.

The graduation exercises of '97 will pass into history with unusual pleasant memories. The essays of the young ladies and the concert reflected great credit upon the teachers for their earnest effort, the young ladies for their patient toil, and the friends of the Academy for their interest in giving this grand concert. This effort will be appreciated by all, especially teachers and scholars, and by the class of '97 will be brought into closer sympathy with those who worked so patiently to make the concert a success, and succeeded in every way.

It is with regret we learn that Mr. Flood has decided to sever his connection with the school, and all of the teachers will carry with them the best wishes of a host of friends, and may the class of '98 of Gould's Academy have as faithful teachers who have not only taught the regular curriculum but by every day influence helped the young to place a higher standard upon which to build character unto its perfection.

WAR REMINISCENCES

OF THE BETHEL COMPANY, Company I, Fifth Maine Regiment.

No. 19.

At the close of our last number we were in the rifle-pits that we had captured at such terrible loss on that tenth of May 1864, at Spottsylvania, where we suffered as much, if not more, than any other regiment in proportion to our numbers. The reason for this fearful loss of men was this: The Fifth Maine was on the front and left of the first line of battle. Between us and the enemy was an open field of fourteen or fifteen rods in width, reaching nearly to the Bloody Angle. There was a gradual rise of fifty or sixty feet. As we charged across this field, the rebels from their protected and fortified position had a great advantage over us as will be seen from the illustration, showing the relative position of the Fifth Maine and the enemy.

The first line of pits occupied by the rebels was the flanking pits. In our immediate front was a rebel battery of six guns. The battery and infantry in front, aided by the "flankers" poured a deadly fire upon us and our loss was consequently very great. On the 11th of May we lay in camp till near noon, having made a report of our loss on the previous day as follows: Twenty-seven or

eight killed or mortally wounded, fifty-two severely and slightly wounded, and twenty-one missing in action. The number reported missing was doubtless killed, or at least twenty of the number, for only one man was heard from after the battle. The loss sustained was more than one-half of the force we took into action.

On the evening of the 11th it rained to rain. We had moved fifty or seventy-five rods to our left and had been in camp but a short time when we were ordered into line and were held in that position for nearly two hours; the rain poured down in torrents; the boys were about worn out with fatigue and loss of sleep, and many fell asleep even while in line; as for myself, I had not had a night's rest since leaving our winter quarters on the Hazel.

On Thursday morning at the first gleam of light we were in line ready for action. The battle soon began on our left, Hancock making his grand charge and capturing nearly four thousand prisoners and twenty cannon. The rebels were forced back to their second line where they held their position for some time in a hand to hand contest. At this time Gen. Lee was hastening Wilcox's division of Early's Corps forward to fill the gap made by the loss of Johnson and a large part of his division. The tide of battle would soon have been turned and probably in favor of Lee, had not the Sixth Corps under General Wright been ordered to advance upon the enemy. The Fifth Maine regiment was in the Second Brigade of the First Division of the Sixth Corps, and was the first regiment to reach the works that Hancock had captured. I was ordered by General Upton to charge on a Confederate force a little to the right of the Bloody Angle. The charge was made and about one hundred prisoners were captured from the first pit. Then the rebels in the second line threw up their hands, kerchiefs, white rags, bits of paper, indicating a desire to surrender. They shouted to us of the Fifth Maine to charge on them, saying that they would surrender, but not having implicit confidence in what they said and knowing that they were strongly entrenched, I did not deem it wise to lead my men to slaughter. Had we charged upon them we would have been obliged to cross the first line of pits and at least fifteen rods of open ground before we could have reached them; this would have given them the opportunity, doubtless desired, of wiping out what remained of my little regiment. I urged them to come into our lines but their reply was, "If we do without your charging on us, those in our rear will report us as deserters and we will be shot if exchanged." As we fell back they gave us a few parting shots, wounding two of our regiment.

We formed our lines in a slight ravine with a small ridge between us and the enemy. The battle had now begun in earnest. As I look back in memory 33 years ago

to-day, I see the battle as it raged, with the air filled with solid shot and shell. Thousands of brave men fell that day, that our country might remain one and inseparable. Just in the rear of our line were two guns which had been abandoned by Hancock an hour or two earlier in the day; the guns belonged to the United States, Battery C. The caissons and limbers were near. We run the guns up so that their muzzles rested on the works we had captured.

Lieut. Joseph White of Company E, and myself ran up the first gun; he has received a pension for thirty years, for injuries received in his left shoulder at the time, while the second gun was moved by Captain Lamont and some others. Having found two or three gunners of the Battery, I at once set them at work; ammunition was brought from the caissons and firing immediately began. I ordered the fuse to be cut short so as to have the shells explode over the second line of rebel pits if possible, for I wanted to square accounts with the fellows who had endeavored to trap us and who wounded two of our men as we fell back. At this time the battle had become general along the line left of the Angle. The old regiment of the Sixth Corps was put in behind the slight ridge above mentioned, to hold the position that had been captured by Hancock in the early morning. It

was now nine o'clock A. M., and the heavens were weeping in torrents. The infantry was engaged in one of the most fearful conflicts of the war. Twelve or fifteen regiments were loading and firing at will for hours. Many of our boys burned four hundred rounds of ammunition that day.

It was in our front that the famous oak tree, sixteen inches in diameter was cut off by the minie balls alone. The awful musketry was kept up until two o'clock Friday morning, May 13, when the rebels fell back, swinging their line around to the right in order to cover Spottsylvania Court House and to shorten their lines, for Hancock had made a long gap in their ranks by the capture of many prisoners and the killing and wounding of thousands of men. The reason for the constant firing for eighteen hours was: Grant had broken the center of Lee's line to recover his lost position; Lee was massing his best troops in two lines of battle some twelve hundred yards in the rear, preparing for an advance movement and the recapture of the works that had been lost, but no army no matter who the leaders may have been, could face successfully the terrible storm of leaden hail that poured many hours without cessation into their ranks. The Fifth Maine regiment was in the thickest of the fight from half-past six A. M., till half-past seven P. M. We were relieved by some of Burnside's troops and moved back and bivouacked for the night; the firing ceased about half-past two on the morning of the 13th.

Just after daybreak, Chaplain Adams and myself rode back to the spot we had left only a few hours before where the regiments that relieved us were in line. As we sat there on our horses, "noticing the trees that had been cut down by bullets I said to the Chaplain: "If Barnum had that stump in his museum in New York, he could make a fortune by exhibiting it." About three years after the close of the war, the trunk of the tree was sent to the National Museum in Washington, where it can now be seen.

Before Chaplain Adams and myself returned to our regiment, we witnessed scenes that were heart-rending in the extreme. We had seen the dead and the dying on many fields; heard the groans and pining cries of the wounded as they lay freezing between the lines at Fredericksburg that cold December night in '62; had seen suffering that no words of mine can describe such as the cremation of bodies in the brushwood on the Peninsula and in the Wilderness; but the awful scenes that we witnessed at this point, were more terrible than any other we saw throughout the war. The Ambulance train was removing the dead and wounded from the pits where they lay from three to five deep; a badly wounded man with two or three dead men upon him was

Continued on page two.

The World of the Infinitely Little.

There is so much said nowadays of the mysterious role that certain obscure and very minute organisms play in the causation of epidemic and contagious diseases, that it may not be amiss to hold an intelligent public to a slight practical understanding of some of these wonders, and the light that recent scientific research has shed upon a subject that promises in many ways to quite revolutionize our conception of disease in men and animals.

The terms "Bacteria," "Disease germs," "Spores," "Bacilli," "Micro-organisms," are every-day words in the newspapers and on the tongues of people—yet they are generally but vaguely understood. What these mysterious things may be like—whether they are fish, flesh, fowl, or vegetable—whether they may not be minute demoniacal spirits with dragon's claws and tail—or clothed in some other form emblematic of the baneful and death-dealing influences they are supposed to scatter broadcast upon humanity—all these things and many others relating thereto may well receive a little intelligent consideration from every member of the community; for in the very same proportion that men grow in the knowledge of things, the deadly influence of fear grows steadily less—and we grow to control causes and effects instead of suffering from them and often succumbing. Ignorance is a thing to which we are all chronically ready to plead guilty—though we may resent the implication that we are afraid; nevertheless in all the problems that concern our mental life, fear and ignorance are synonymous terms, and in proportion as we are ignorant, we are afraid.

The fact that there are minute organisms at all, that is, smaller than we could see with the naked eye, has been known for over two hundred years, and was first discovered by a Dutch naturalist by means of the lens or magnifying glass. For all these the general term, "Animalcule" was used, meaning a small animal, but this word is now almost obsolete since we know that all of the smallest of these organisms, and all of those that we are to consider in their relations to health and disease, and the processes of decay, putrefaction and fermentation—despite the fact that many of them are endowed with motion which led the earlier naturalists to classify them as animal—are essentially vegetable. There exists then a world of microscopic organisms; that is, beings that come into life, grow by the absorption and assimilation of elemental substances, multiply and die.

All this is along the same general lines that the animals and higher plants that we know, follow, but which are so small as to be invisible, individually, to the naked eye and can only be seen by the compound microscope. Indeed it is now quite certain that some are so small as to be still unrecognized by the most powerful microscope yet invented.

These organisms are essentially vegetable in their character, being far more closely allied to the plants than to even the lowest animals. But they are also very low in the vegetable scale—the lowest of which we have any knowledge—using the term relatively as compared with trees, shrubs and plants.

Their numbers are beyond all human powers of computation and we already know many diverse groups and families that live and multiply in ways peculiar to their special kind and perform many distinct functions in the vast economy of nature. Nature teems with them. They are in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the soil under our feet; they are found in the food we eat; they are in the secretions of our mouths, in the entire tract of the digestive canal, on all the mucous membranes of the respiratory passages, our floors, walls, furniture, and clothing, hands and bodies will yield thousands to the penetrating search of the microscope.

Surely this is a formidable arraignment—enough to intimidate one most effectually and make one wonder how it is that we are still alive amidst all these unseen and countless beings which have life and to sustain which have got to live upon something!

But we must not forget that the great scheme of Nature is always absolutely harmonious, and in a future article the writer will attempt to show some of the relations that this invisible world has to ourselves in health and in that condition of body which is called disease, or absence of ease.

J. G. Gehring, M. D.

Great Britain has a 500-acre orchard.

WOMEN'S CHIT-CHAT.

"From Grave to Gay, From Lively to Severe"

SUNDAY.

"We know not where God's river flows, Nor where its waves shall wash our feet. And yet, each forecastle of repose He gives us is divinely sweet."

MONDAY.

"I desire no future that will break the ties of the past."

TUESDAY.

"They are never alone, that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

WEDNESDAY.

"He who cannot forgive is fit neither for earth nor heaven."

THURSDAY.

"Those who gather knowledge must live before they learn."

FRIDAY.

"There is no education without religion."

SATURDAY.

"Our friends are those who make us do what we can."

If the Observer were asked to state what she considers the most valuable result that can be brought back from an extended journey, or from wide opportunities of meeting cultivated people, she would say: "The power of appreciating what is all around us at home."

One need not cross the ocean, O fortunate Bethelites, to see a true Alpine effect! The Observer saw the sun rise from the point of view of our Bethel station one morning last March, and as his kingly robes were thrown in majestic lavishness over the sleeping valley, each snow-clad mountain caught the glow. The faint pink upon Farwell swept on in a glowing tide of color, changing Saddle-back's blue and silver to rose, and finally transforming old Bald into a glorious crimson dome, producing just the same effect as when from St. Beatenberg, Switzerland, we watched the morning-red touch peak after peak, of the one hundred and twenty-five miles of the Jungfrau range, into unearthly beauty.

Here it was—this same morning glow upon the Bethel hills—not a whit less beautiful in coloring and having one immense advantage over its Swiss mother, for we can take in and manage our Bethel grandeur, which before that great solemn ocean of rose and snow in Switzerland, the mind is fairly weighed down by its inability to fully absorb the stupendous revelation of beauty and sublimity.

So, dear Bethelites, if you long to see the Alps, do not waste this opportunity, but watch for the reddish-purple glow upon our summer mountains, and rejoice mightily in the far more beautiful winter effects which are specially reserved for the eyes of the true lover of the hills, who chooses to dwell in our mountain-land when the valley lies under its ermine mantle, while the ever-green foothills climb towards the blue and silver of the mountains, and the river borrows the exact greenish sheen of the glaciers—every one of these being true Alpine effects! Just rejoice, that with no heart ache of separation from home and native land, you can see between four and five of every bright winter afternoon, a true Alpine sky, when the horizon is banded with the opal tints of rose, green, and pearl so exquisitely blended that one can understand the beautiful hope of one of America's most gifted woman writers that there will be a symphony of color in heaven, and that we shall sit entranced before exquisite contrasts and blended harmonies of hues and tints, or be roused into rapturous enthusiasms by brilliant colorings—as we now find ourselves enthralled by tones.

"Whate'er, the future holds of rapture or surprise," let us take our "preliminaries" by responding to what lies before us here and now in our dear "mountain land, and be sure that we can pass an examination in keenness and delicacy of perception from the page the great Teacher has unrolled for our daily lesson,—before we exact "promotion."

Driving through the mist and rain of one of our recent unsmiling May days suddenly the world was all a bloom. Billows of crimson and green seemed rolling through the fields by the roadside and we realized our indebtedness to the rhodora, which was producing an effect in the pasture near the river bridge only excelled by the famous displays of rhododendrons and azaleas in the Hunnewell and Sargent estates near Boston. Long may the hand of the "improver" be stayed at that glorified pasture, and may it become something for which many will wait in glad expectancy every year—this fine "Floral

exhibit" of ravishing rhodora. As we looked, and wondered, rejoiced, suddenly the scene changed and passing through Memory's portals, we were again hearing Ralph Waldo Emerson reciting in a quiet monotone before a hushed audience, his famous tribute to the rhodora, which will forever be linked in reverent connection with his memory by all future lovers of the master-mind and the lovely flower.

"Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing, Then Beauty is its own excuse for being: Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose! I never thought to ask. I never knew: But, in my simple ignorance suppose The self-same Power that brought me there brought you."

A wave of exaltation has swept over our fortunate State of Maine during these winter months—a wave of what may be called intellectual music—music of thought as well as feeling. It has been a revealer of secrets! People who little suspected that deep within their nature's something was lying imprisoned and unvoiced have heard a spirit calling to them; have broken their bonds and escaped into a new world; master-minds of composers, who have left harmonies to serve as never-silent requiems so long as time shall last, have breathed their influence over us and lured us on to new efforts, and helped us to reach new standards. There has been an ever-widening current, bearing us all out upon a broad stream of cultivation, whose shores are limitless.

Our musical students of all ages, those who sing and those who intelligently listen, are being unconsciously but surely lifted upon planes whereon they will find intense pleasure forever, when hearing fine music, and grow into enjoyments of as yet unsuspected sides of their nature for to open one door into the temple of Wisdom, is to reveal numberless corridors leading to chambers hitherto unsealed.

The very best thing that has come to the Observer from hearing the "Hallelujah Chorus" sung many years in succession by the Boston "Handel and Haydn" is the power it has given of appreciating their own village people's rendition of it when they filled the old church with its glory. Not that the musical standard could be compared to the perfection of the great Boston society, but because after having secured a standard or comparison one has learned to enter heartily into sympathy with effort, and can detect and respect whatever is meritorious.

To have listened entranced to the world famous prima-donnas and tenors, as they have bowed our hearts down with the weight of pathos in the Prison Scene of Il Trovatore, is to make it possible to recognize the touch of artistic ability which lately astonished us in some of our Bethel singers.

To have heard great preachers is to make it possible to say in our hearts when wonderful words fall from the lips of our chosen leaders: "Phillips Brooks might have formulated that thought and Beecher might have given it expression."

To have heard Curtis, Schurz and Wendell Phillips enables one to recognize the quality that goes to make the orator when our young men stirred to emotional depths, as the hour of patriotism is striking, thrill us with words of fervid strength.

If the unresponsive iron of our natures has by heat and blows of effort, experience, and discipline been changed into tempered steel, thus developing the magnetic force which detects the superior metals amid the dross of life, and by recognition brings them out to meet the needs of the world, then travel, the acquaintance of superior people, and surroundings favorable for wide cultivation, should be considered as gifts held in trust for the welfare of others, and this willingness to use them will alone prove that we have been worthy to have touched the hem of the garment of Opportunity.

The members of the Epworth League were entertained last Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Capen.

After two weeks rest, the Bethel Chorus will resume rehearsals Friday evening at 7.30 this week, instead of Thursday evening, owing to the entertainment on Odeon Hall. The director wants to see the full chorus present, as a general review will be taken up.

More

Curative power is contained in Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other similar preparation. It costs the proprietor and manufacturer more. It costs the laborer more and it is worth more to the consumer. More skill is required in its preparation and it combines more remedial qualities than any other medicine. Consequently it has a record of more cures and its sales are more than

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Bethel, Maine, June 9th, 1897.

EDITORIAL COLUMN.

It is with pleasure that we welcome a new contributor to the News this week in the person of Dr. J. G. Gehring who will write a series of articles upon medical science with especial reference to hygiene. We are quite sure that articles on this subject, coming from one possessing the medical ability of Dr. Gehring, will be read with much interest. Dr. Gehring is a graduate of one of the oldest and best endowed Medical Colleges in Ohio, the Adelbert College, (formerly Western Reserve). He was professor of Pathology and Microscopy in the Medical Department of the Wooster University, and was connected with two of the hospitals of Cleveland before entering into partnership with the late lamented Dr. Frank Weed. He has visited Europe twice in the interest of his profession, the last time being under the most famous scientist in the world, Virchow of the Berlin University in Germany. He also studied Hospital methods in Italy and England and has never ceased to consider himself an earnest student in his profession. Now that health has been restored we are glad that he will resume active practice among us, rather than, as it was feared at the time the home was destroyed by fire, return to his early field of successful work.

The Bicycle Contest.

At precisely five o'clock one week from to-morrow, (June 17), the bicycle contest will close, and all votes must be in this office before that hour. Those who intend to settle their subscriptions and give their count to any of the contestants, must do so at once. It may be just your individual subscription, or the want of the hundred votes which the payment of it will allow, that will lose, to the one in whom you are interested, the wheel. As will be seen this week the count runs very close, so close in fact that we are not able to form the slightest idea of who the winner will be, hence, we have not, nor dare not order the wheel until we have a better idea whether, at least it is to be a lady's or a gentleman's.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding and thus dissatisfaction at the close, we wish to make the following announcement. It has been our rule since the start that all money must be paid before the work could be credited, and we wish to make this point emphatic now, that all work and subscriptions must be paid for before they can be counted for the contestants. This is the last week that we shall report in the News the standing of the contestants. We believe the only fair way is to keep perfectly silent during the remaining days as to the amount of work in by each, hence we respectfully ask, that no one interested in the contest ask us any questions as to the standing of the opponents; this will avoid waiting until 10 minutes of five before putting in your work. Send in your work early to avoid the rush and rest assured that the count will be kept entirely secret until the proper time.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our deep gratitude to all who so kindly assisted at the death and burial of our beloved sister, and wife, to brother Hamilton, who spoke words of comfort, the singers, and the friends who contributed so many beautiful flowers, and the neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our affliction; all will be gratefully remembered by us.
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Oliver.
Mr. W. P. Putnam.

Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses such a power, and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are mostly certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best, in fact, the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills Do not purge, but cleanse the bowels and build up the whole system.

Town Topics.

W. W. Hastings was in Portland Saturday.
Judge Woodbury was in South Paris Thursday.
Arthur Wiley is home on his summer vacation.

County Commissioner Biddon was in town Monday.

Gorton and Smith entertainment to-morrow night.

George French has been in Norway for a few days.

Col. C. S. Edwards spent last Sunday at Peak's Island.

Dr. Walker of Norway, has been in town for a few days.

A. W. Powers of Norway called at the News office, Monday.

The assessors are in Paris to-day before the board of State assessors.

A branch of the Bethel Brass Band paraded our streets to-day noon.

Mrs. H. C. Andrews spent the past week in Rumford visiting her sister.

Rev. F. E. Barton is attending the Universalist Convention at Rockland.

P. W. Flood and Harry Small spent Monday and Tuesday at the Lakes fishing.

Just try a box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

I. N. Ford is in town representing the Mosler Safe and Lock Co. of Hamilton, Ohio.

Dr. Bucknam was in Portland last Thursday attending the Maine Medical Association.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

The selectmen have sold the toll bridge buildings which will be removed as soon as vacated.

Only one more week before the bicycle contest closes. Be on hand if you wish your votes to count.

A. R. Haynes has his laundry open and is ready to do all work promptly, and in first class order.

The Girls' History Club will meet this week at 7. 15, on Friday afternoon. A full attendance is desired.

The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs hold Memorial services at the Universalist church, Sunday June 20.

The first strawberries of the season, picked by Miss Mollie Chapman, appeared in the News office this morning.

Mrs. F. P. Stone who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wormell, returned to her home in Portland Monday.

The committee appointed to consider the matter of a soldiers' memorial will meet at Relief Corps Hall to-morrow night.

Rev. F. E. Barton is to preach at Bryan's Pond, during the summer months beginning Sunday, June 13. Hour of service 3 P. M.

Blanche Ripley of Rumford Falls has been in town for a few days, having come to attend the graduation exercises of Gould's Academy.

Next Sunday will be observed as Children's Day at the Congregational church, and the discourse by Rev. Mr. Jordan will be delivered especially for the children.

Odd Fellows and Rebekahs, I. O. O. F., are requested to meet at Odd Fellows Hall on Sunday June 20, at 9. 45 A. M. Memorial services at Universalist church at usual hour by Rev. F. E. Barton.

Children's Day will be observed at the M. E. church next Sunday. The morning service will be appropriate for that day and a concert will be given in the evening entitled "The Young People's Republic."

Edwin Gehring who is attending the Boston School of Technology will spend the summer with his people in Cleveland Ohio, after which he will spend the month of September in Bethel before resuming his studies.

Remember the Gorton and Smith entertainment to-morrow night. During the stay of these two gentlemen in town, they have formed a favorable impression upon the minds of the people and if the weather is favorable, they will doubtless have a full house.

A Music Lover's Opinion of The Prison Scene.

Editors of the News:

We were fortunate enough to be able to attend the Graduation exercises of Gould's Academy on June 3rd. The programme was very enjoyable and as all the numbers were so well rendered, it would seem unfair to give particular praise to any one, but we must express a little of our appreciation of the "Prison Scene." It was well arranged and rendered. We never heard Mr. Snyder at his best before; and from behind the prison bars his voice filled the house completely.

Mrs. Tuell's very hard part was sung with a great deal of spirit, and we wish it might be possible to listen in the future to more scenes by these talented singers from the same opera.

Thanks are due Mrs. Gehring for giving us such a treat, and to the others for their careful practice. The whole was very satisfactory and reflects great credit on the management.

Commencement Exercises at the Norway High School.

There is no incident in the whole year more interesting and highly appreciated by the citizens of Norway than the graduating exercises of the Norway High School. This fact was most impressively demonstrated last Friday night when fully 1000 people, despite the mud and rain, convened in the Opera House to listen to the exercises of the class of '97.

Shortly after seven, the people, fully aware that those who had seats must get there early, began to gather and from then until eight there was a steady march of people eager to secure seats in that spacious, but what bid fair to be, crowded hall. All upon entering the hall could be, but forcibly impressed with the scene which met their gaze. The decorations were very beautiful. Potted plants were tastefully arranged on either side of the rostrum, while festoons of orange arranged upon a white background representing the class colors, appeared in the rear.

At eight o'clock every seat on the floor and in the galleries were filled with people anxious for the evening's exercises to begin when Principal Wiley pressed an electric button and suddenly appeared in the arch above the rostrum the class motto, "To Remember These Things It is Sweet," written in Latin.

The following programme was rendered in such a delightful way as to do much credit to the class as well as their popular teachers.

PROGRAMME.
Music, Orchestra.
Prayer.

1 Self Reliance, Emma Parsons Titcomb.
College Preparatory Course.

2 Natural Abilities, Charles Randall Robinson.
Latin-Scientific.

3 Class History, Agnes Elida Sanborn.
College Preparatory.

4 How and What to Read, Clara Milderth Gammon.
English.

5 Music, Solo-Miss Beale.
Enduring Remembrance, Grace Bennett Bicknell.
College Preparatory.

6 Patriotism, Alfred Louis Laforgue.
College Preparatory.

7 Class Poem, Emma Blanche Abbott.
English.

8 Progress, Ella Crockett Farnham.
English.

9 Broken Promises, Inez Myrtle Gammon.
English.

10 Class Prophecy, Lora Lillian Chapman.
English.

11 The Teachings of Nature, Sadie Hortense Frost.
English.

12 A Plea for the Classics, Walter Lyman Sanborn.
College Preparatory.

13 Reputation is Not Character, Grace May Robinson.
English.

14 Climbing The Ladder to Success, Blanche Isabelle Adams.
English.

15 What Do We Need? Charles Alton Richardson.
Business.

16 Our National Holidays, Fred Obed Stearns.
Business.

17 Parting Address, Victor Lloyd Partridge.
Singing Ode.

Conferring of Diplomas.

Excused.

The programme was very pleasingly rendered, each essay revealing a marked degree of ability on the part of the pupils. We were particularly interested in the bright and witty prophecy given by Miss Lora Lillian Chapman. All were interested in the history of the class, given by Agnes Elida Sanborn, as well as the parting address by Victor Lloyd Partridge. Every part possessed its strong qualities which lack of space prevents mentioning.

The music was mostly by home talent, and was such as to command the highest appreciation of musical souls. Miss Beale, to whom music lovers always delight to listen, gave two solos which were charming in the extreme. Not least among the noteworthy features of the evening's programme was a telephone solo given by Mr. Robinson of Lewiston.

We were very much pleased to note the relations which existed between the principal, Mr. Wiley, and the citizens of Norway, as well as the members of the school. His many character as a citizen, his intellectual qualifications, and his ability to reach, together with his desire to best serve the interests of his pupils, have placed him in an enviable position among the teachers in this section of the State, and the class of ninety-seven, who have in their exercise, proved themselves with laurels, may well feel proud of their instructor.

The following class poem was written and recited by Miss Emma Blanche Abbott:

The School House on the Hill.

Fair Norway holds a shining lake
In shores of circling green
And skies above are mirrored there
With wooded hills between.

This loved scene of bloom and green,
When o'er its water's foam
They played the light canoe,
Now just below this shining lake
Our village nestles here,
And though not grand or high renowned
To us 'tis very dear.

The long, broad streets, the shading trees,
The groves, and meadows green,
Made beautiful by God's own hand
Are fair as any scene.

Here pleasant homes with verdant lawns
And fields where children play,
Make our fair town a happy place
To spend youth's care-free day.

Each Sabbath does the church-bell call
Our thoughts from care and strife,
And bid us render thanks to Him
Who ever guards our way.

There's a resting place for all
When work on earth is o'er,
A quiet village for the dead,
Who suffer pain no more.

Here our brave soldiers sleep in peace
Who to their country true,
Planted in deeper soil our flag,
The old red, white, and blue.

O never can we forget the debt
Of happiness we owe
To those who risked their lives in war
And saved us from the foe.

Then there's a spot, they loved it too,
A spot that we love still,
Dearest in Norway to all,
The school-house on the hill.

From every street the scholars come
Wending their happy way,
No care has dulled their young life's morn,
Their hearts are free and gay.
Once in the yard their sport begins,
In games they lose or win
Until the school bell says, "Time
For study to begin."

A change comes quickly o'er the scene,
For in the schoolhouse door
They see the master with his bell,
Play for the day is o'er.

Soon all is silent on the hill,
Hard work has now begun,
While now and then a moment brief
Is given up to fun.

Although we found much time for play
We studied with a will
Than that on one of the hill,
Not till we reached the High School room
Had care for us begun.

But bravely did we meet each task,
And conquered one by one.
We wrestled first with algebra,
And uttered many a groan.

Against these problems where we search
For quantities unknown,
In labor o'er our common tasks,
On learning's path intent,
Extracting roots both cube and square,
Our many days were spent.

Next Latin verbs confronted us,
An ore in our way,
By which our progress was delayed,
For many a weary day.

Then German gutturals came along,
We coughed and coughed in vain
Until we got the "click" and "ich"
Without severest pain.

We travelled on the Sea of Ice
And in the Grecian Isles,
Went with Aeneas many a day
With Caesar many miles.

Sometimes we've been a weary class
And nearly lost the race,
These Greek and Latin warriors go
At such a rushing pace.

Our troubles there are ended now
And school for us is o'er,
We bade the place good-bye to-day
To gather there no more.

But deep within our heart we'll keep
The pleasant memories still
Of that dear old familiar spot,
The school house on the hill.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

Continued from page one.

not an exceptional case; in some parts of the pits the water was ten or fifteen inches in depth, highly colored with blood; a heavy rain had fallen, and in this water the bodies of many Confederate soldiers were found. On our own side of the pit the ground was strewn with the dead.

It was here that Captain Lamont of the Lewiston Company, fell, pierced by more than twenty bullets. So mangled was his body that the burying party was obliged to roll his remains in an army blanket before they could be taken to the grave.

Of the Bethel Company, D. A. Edwards, John E. Bean, and Leyl Sheed were severely wounded, while the killed were the noble Martin of Rumford, and Andrews of Andover. The battle of Spotsylvania was one of the severest of the war, and the position occupied by the Fifth Maine was one of honor as well as of great responsibility.

At Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864, Jerry W. Martin, that brave and noble soldier from Rumford, was killed. Jerry, as the boys called him, was a favorite with all his comrades. He was always ready for action, never shirking the performance of duty. For several days prior to the day of his death he had been troubled by a fearful felon on his right hand. On account of this disability, Surgeon Warren had given him a written excuse that released him from all obligation in actively participating in the battles of the Wilderness, but no excuse was wanted. Wherever there was fighting to be done, Martin was sure to be found. I well remember him coming to me on the morning of May 12, saying "Colonel, I want to go with the boys to-day." Knowing that he had good reason for remaining in the rear, if he so desired, I advised him to keep out of danger telling him that he had been excused from duty this day by our surgeon. The brave fellow, however, begged so earnestly to be allowed to go into battle, I consented. He had in his cartridge-box sixty rounds of ammunition. After the charge had been made and hundreds of prisoners captured, our position was one that demanded constant loading and firing. The "historic" oak tree that was cut down by minie balls was directly in our front. Martin soon used his sixty rounds of ammunition and came to me for more. I remember using my sword as a screw driver in opening a box of ammunition for him. When I had filled his cartridge-box I told him as he left me not to expose himself but he had no fear of the rebel bullets; I did not see him again. He fell a hero, bravely fighting. No better soldier ever enlisted in the Bethel Company than Jerry W. Martin. At one time I offered him an appointment as Corporal or Sergeant, but he preferred to remain a private.

A few years ago when visiting the battle field around Fredericksburg, I spent some time in the National cemetery on Mary's Heights looking through the Maine section for the marble slabs indicating the last resting place of Martin, but I did not succeed in locating it. I have no doubt but his grave is in that cemetery and numbered among the seven thousand that are marked with that sad, sad word, "Unknown."

David E. Andrews, son of the late Russell Andrews was born in Andover, Maine in 1841, enlisted in the Bethel Co., May 1861 and was mortally wounded May 12, 1864 at Spotsylvania, in front of "Bloody Angle" and died in the hospital at the White House on Pamunky River, June 2. We cannot say too much in praise of this gallant soldier. He always was ready to meet all the hardships, of war, never complained, let the task be ever so hard. I can

now seem to see him on the march across the Peninsula; there the army was commanded by "Little Mac," when it was fighting by day and retreating by night, what is known in history as "The seven days' fight." Then again I see him on the move from our camp near New Baltimore to Belle Plain in that fearful storm of snow and rain. On reaching there, we found neither fire nor wood, and the ground covered fully ten inches deep with snow and water with the cold north wind blowing across the broad Potomac. Yes, and no one heard a murmur from his lips; again I see him on that memorable march from Fairfield Court House to Manchester Md., one hundred and twenty-seven miles in five days! and after one day's rest, a march of thirty-seven miles to the Gettysburg battle field in eighteen hours. Again we remember him at Rappahannock station as he was taking care of the wounded and feeding the hungry rebels until his last hard task was gone. I think he was in all the battles in which the Fifth Maine Regiment was engaged from Bull Run, July 21st, 1861 to May 12, 1864, in which he did his last fighting. Martin fell beside him a few minutes before he received the fatal shot; the two were always together; intimates in camp, and intimately acquainted when boys before the war, living quite near together, in adjoining towns. They are now members of that great band of which it is said there is no separation. And over Jerry we'll be proud of giving for our country one of its noblest sons.

List of New Subscribers During the Past Week.

F. C. Bartlett,
Nancy J. Colby,
Geo. O. Varney,
Herbert Jordan,
A. A. Tuell,
J. F. Ostrander,
F. W. Flood,
S. G. Twitchell,
David P. Craig,
C. Newton Kimball,
Mrs. Charles Libby,
L. A. Millett,
Joe Lamere,
Blanch Brown,
Mrs. A. W. Allen,
E. H. Maxim,
George D. Swift,
A. E. Brown,
S. A. Holt,
O. B. Upton,
S. M. Bennett,
W. E. Boserman,
M. E. Chandler,
Lizzie T. Stearns,
George Buswell,
Mrs. J. M. Estes.

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 from 4 to 12 in. wide, marked down
 from 50c, 75c \$1.00 and \$1.25 for
 25c yd.
 \$1.25 Black Silk Warp Henrietta for
 59c yd.
 No. 50 Rainbow Taffeta Ribbons
 for Millinery purposes and stock
 collars, were 50c yd, now 25c.
 27 in. Embroidered P.K. Skirt Floun-
 cings, were \$1 yd. For 39c yd.
 45 in. P. K. Skirt Flouncings Em-
 broidered, sold for \$2, for 59c yd.

50c Gold Belts for 19c each.
 5-4 Table Oil-Cloth was 25c yd., for
 12 1/2c yd.
 20 in. Down Pillows for 50c each.
 25c Wool Challies for 9c yd.
 Ladies' Fast Black Hose were 10c
 per pair, for 5c per pair.
 No. 12 Black Moire Ribbons, were
 25c yd. for 12 1/2c yd.
 \$1.00 German Novelty Dress Goods
 for 50c yd.
 \$1.00 Black Silk Warp Henrietta for
 59c yd.
 Printed Foulard Silks marked down
 to 50c yd.

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 Jackets, Capes, Outing Suits,
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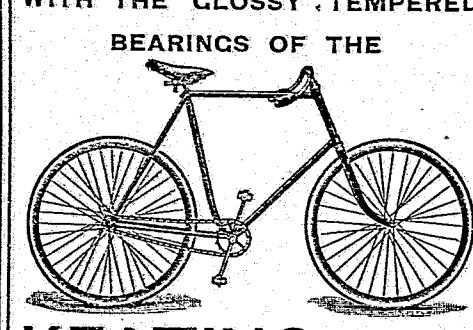
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 are not dangerous, but they are very annoy-
 ing. They cause a great deal of trouble, and
 if not cured, they will grow larger and
 more numerous. They will also cause
 the child to be restless, and to have
 a bad appetite. They will also cause
 the child to be sick, and to have
 a fever. They will also cause the
 child to be very nervous, and to
 have a great deal of trouble. They
 will also cause the child to be very
 restless, and to have a bad appetite.
 They will also cause the child to be
 sick, and to have a fever. They will
 also cause the child to be very nervous,
 and to have a great deal of trouble.

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It is the best remedy for worms
 that has ever been discovered. It is
 a pure and harmless medicine, and
 it will cure the child of the worms
 in a very short time. It will also
 cause the child to be healthy, and
 to have a good appetite. It will
 also cause the child to be very
 happy, and to have a great deal of
 fun. It will also cause the child to
 be very healthy, and to have a good
 appetite. It will also cause the child
 to be very happy, and to have a great
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 and to have a good appetite. It will
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 and to have a great deal of fun.

TAUGHT TO DO BY DOING
 GRAY'S PORTLAND COLLEGE
 SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING SCHOOL
 OFFICE FRUITCREEK FROM THE START.
 Dry Theory Discarded. Send for Free Catalogue
 L. A. GRAY & SON, Portland, Me.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of a new and
 simple way of curing
 constipation and all its
 results, easily and thoroughly?
 Prepared by G. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
 The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Comrades True, Hutchinson, Barrows, and Lane came from Bethel Hill, May 31, to pay respect to the graves of the sleeping brave in the cemetery near the old Baptist church here. Miss Twaddle with her scholars joined Miss Wiley with her school in appropriate exercises for the occasion. Miss Wiley's scholars recited "Peace," and Miss Twaddle's, "Sleeping Brave." Both were well rendered. We could not help noticing what a happy, well behaved little band of pupils Miss Twaddle had. We understood Comrade True to say there are thirteen soldiers buried in this cemetery, and Comrade Barrows to say, that seventeen brave boys went from this neighborhood. Doubtless at that time forty-five scholars represented this school; now after "consolidating several districts into one there are about twelve. Comrade True urged that a Memorial band be formed among the children, and no doubt they will remember this and be well represented another Memorial Day.

GREENWOOD.

Edgar Morgan called on and dinner with his son-in-law, E. Dunham, last Friday.
 Joseph Cummings has a flock of seven sheep, four of them yearling from which he sheared 70 1/2 lbs wool.
 No sweet corn planted yet, will there be for several days come. Grass is coming forward rapidly, and it now looks as if ing and haying are likely to be somewhat mixed this year.
 Inez Amanda, wife of George Cole, died Wednesday, the 2. The funeral was at the Center day P. M., Rev. A. K. Bryant officiating. Mrs. Cole had been suffering from a complication of diseases for some time, prominent among which was nervous prostration.
 While they are having a severe drouth in India so that millions are starving to death, here in America, or in this northeast corner of it at least, we are getting a good soaking out. It has rained every day this week except Sunday and Wednesday, and at this writing, Saturday morning, it is still coming down like a shower.

NORTH RUMFORD.

Mr. Bolster preached at Rumford Point Sunday the 30th.
 Ellsworth Howard of Rumford Falls passed the Sabbath with his parents.
 The Ellis River Band have commenced their Saturday evening rehearsals.
 Harry Goodrich is attending school in East Andover, coming home every Friday.
 The very wet weather of the past week have made many long faces among the farmers in this vicinity; we think the hay crop in July will make them smile again.

Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, and Miss Elta Howe of Hanover spent the afternoon with the Misses Howe of North Rumford, Thursday of this week.
 The many friends of J. E. Elliot will be pleased to know he is some better and it is hoped by all that he will be able to attend to his farm work soon.

Rev. Davis comes to the Point for the summer and will commence his labor with the Congregational church next Sunday, June 6. Mr. Davis was very much liked while with us last year and his many friends will be pleased to know he is coming for this vacation.

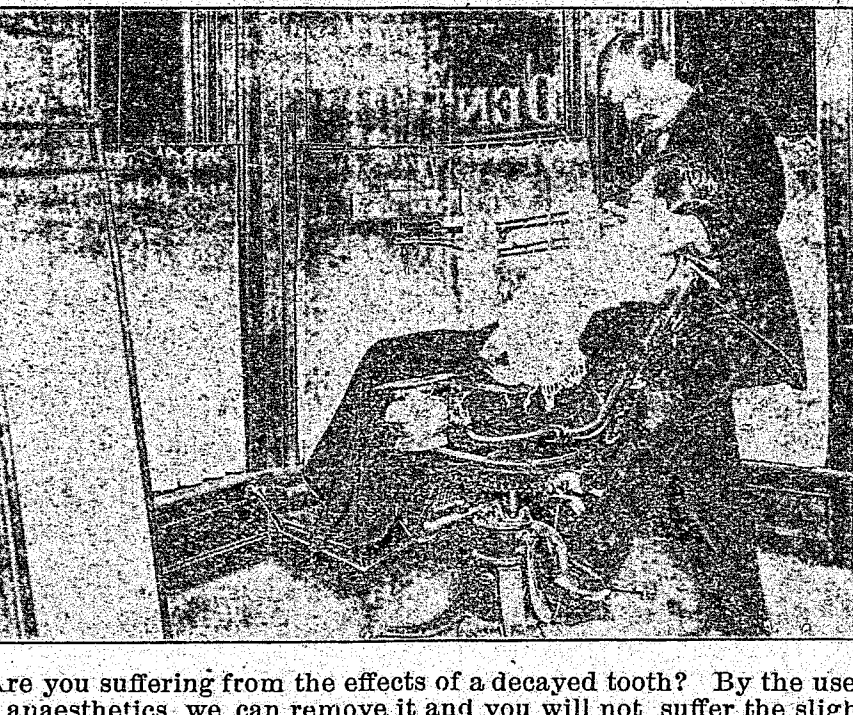
Mrs. Laura Hoyt is on the sick list, has been confined to her room for some days. At first it was thought she might have had a slight shock. She is doing so well at this writing, think it was a severe attack of rheumatism as she has been troubled with rheumatic lameness for some years.

MARSHALL HILL.

Mr. Fred Hazeltine is ill.
 Caleb Hazeltine visited at J. H. Briggs' last week.
 Wm. Rice worked for Isaiah Hazeltine, Saturday.
 Harry Bird of Bridgton recently passed through this place.
 Arriel Carver went to Stoneham Wednesday to get a horse.
 Isaiah Hazeltine has been at work for George Briggs a few days.
 Mrs. Lydia Ferriall made a call at J. W. Cummings' one day last week.
 Mrs. Edgar Andrews went to Bethel Thursday with Mrs. L. Andrews.

MASON.

Dana Morrill of West Bethel was in town last Thursday.
 James Prince of Boston is visiting his nephew, A. G. Lovejoy.
 Archie Hutchinson has secured a job as motorman on the West End electric road, Boston.
 Ernest Hutchinson is here from Haverhill, Mass., where he has been at work in a shoe shop.
 Channing Grover of Bethel was in town with his corn planter last week. He planted S. O. Grover's, Arthur Tyler's, and H. Hutchinson's corn.
 The Ladies Sewing Circle met with Miss Sadie Bennett last Wednesday afternoon and evening. There were fifty present in the evening. A good time was reported by all.



Are you suffering from the effects of a decayed tooth? By the use of our anaesthetic we can remove it and you will not suffer the slightest pain. Try us. C. L. Buck, South Paris, Me.

NORTH WEST BETHEL.

Irving Bean was up from Oxford and spent Sunday with his sister, Miss Amy E. Bean.
 The praying band from Bethel, held a very interesting meeting at the school house here the 30th. Mrs. Charlie Verrill's two sisters, Misses...

NORTH NORWAY.

Mrs. Anna Tracy is at E. A. Cox's.
 C. E. Dunn & Co. are making a silo.
 O. A. Frost has gone to Bridgton to work.
 Sydney Foster has hired Geo. Carter's farm for a year.
 Wallace Carter from Danvers is visiting at L. A. Carter's.
 Farmers are late about planting on account of so much rain.
 Wedding bells ringing again. Wish you much joy Dana.
 J. K. French and Josiah Richardson are painting for Amos French.
 Mr. Coolidge and lady from Locke's Mills passed here en route for Lovell.
 Amos Bean came on his wheel from Albany, and visited at O. W. H. Judkins.
 Geo. Bennett is having lots of work; he and his apprentice paint six carriages a week.
 M. H. Merriam wants ten summer boarders; he has plenty of room with large chambers; a spring of mineral water from the hill runs into the house. Many beautiful drives and good fishing, and two minutes walk from the Post office with a daily mail are among the attractions.

NORTH NEWRY.

A few boarders have arrived at Poplar Tavern, and more are expected soon.
 Miss Myra Libby has been very sick for the past five weeks but is gaining nicely now.
 Miss Lillian Brown teacher at the Branch, spent Memorial day at her home in Grafton.
 Mr. Harvey Wing and family from Phillips, are visiting at his sisters, Mrs. A. G. Littlehale.
 Miss Nellie Kilgore is at home from Errol, N. H., keeping house for her father, L. W. Kilgore.
 Mr. E. D. Thurston and son Carl, of Errol, N. H., passed through town to day on his way to Rumford.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Littlehale celebrated the tenth anniversary of their marriage last Friday evening May 18. Quite a large gathering of friends and relatives assembled there and enjoyed the evening very much. The presents were numerous and handsome as well as useful.

Japan's Progressive Step.

Japan shows both its progressiveness and its financial honesty and sense in providing for gold and silver coinage at a ratio of 83 1/2 to 1. This is the command ratio enforced by Jefferson and followed by every succeeding administration until the Blandites tried to make a dollar out of 50 cents.—New York World.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently on the bowels, liver and kidneys, cleansing the entire system, dispelling colds, clearing the head, curing constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

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Seasonable Black Dress Goods.

Checks are right and we show all the new things in black and white—even checks and broken checks—large checks and small checks—38 in. checks 50c—44 in. checks 75c.

Black Mohair are used for various purposes other than whole dresses—nice for Skirts, Linings and Petticoats—the smooth, fine finish of the goods making them just proof. We have two grades of unusual value—50c and 75c—each grade 44 inches wide, fine and firm.

Serges and Henriettas are always desirable—always in style. Our line is complete and we can give you values in these goods seldom seen. In black serges particularly we quote interesting prices ranging from 25c to \$1.25—all extra width and with richness of shade unequalled by anything in black goods—a lustrous jet black.

Mohair Sicilian—universally admitted as the brightest black spring dress material to be worn this season. One of the most tempting offers in this department is a grade 50 inches wide, which we offer at \$1.00 yard.

All Wool Novelties—grand variety of styles and qualities to suit the most fastidious taste—some of the prettiest styles you've seen—come in raised figures large and small on either plain or armure ground.
 50c, 75c, \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50.

Priestley's Silk and Wool Henriettas—absolutely jet black and recognized by the majority of the people as being the best Henriettas ever made. We have every grade of these goods from \$1.00 to 3.50.

We intend to have everything in black dress goods that anybody can want. We buy low and sell at the smallest living profit. In addition to the extremely low prices we quote we give the cambric—best quality—free with every dress pattern sold.

Samples sent free. Mail Orders of \$5.00 or more, money enclosed, sent to any point in N. E. Express prepaid.

Saturday Specials.

One Lot fancy Foulard silks in navy and white, and black and white, 27 inches wide,
 50c Yd.
 One Lot all wool, broken and even check dress goods—good line of colors—regular 75c goods, for
 42c Yd.

EASTMAN BROTHERS & BANCROFT,

492 Congress St. PORTLAND, MAINE.

A Noted Minstrel.

M. T. Skiff, formerly business manager for W. J. Seahon, the Irish Comedian, suffered with Rheumatism for years without relief until he bought a bottle of Drummond's Lightning Remedy. Two bottles made a well man of him. There are a thousand remedies for Rheumatism, but none have received the unsolicited testimonials from prominent people as shown by Drummond's Lightning Remedy. When a cure is wanted, send \$5 to the Drummond's Medicine Co., New York, and they will ship to your address two large bottles of the Remedy—enough for one month's treatment. Agents wanted.

Conan Doyle's Rapid Work.
 Dr. Conan Doyle is a remarkable worker. Most of his time really seems to be given up to the healthy enjoyment of life. He seems, however, to be able economically to combine work with play. For instance, one may see him engaged in a vigorous game of cricket in the early afternoon, and the cricket may be followed by a brisk country walk with a friend. Returning from the walk, Dr. Doyle will say to the friend, "We dine at 8 o'clock. Perhaps you would like to take a stroll round the garden before dressing while I go up stairs." And he retires, presumably to enjoy a rest. After dinner he may make some quiet remark as this to his friend, "By the way, rather a happy idea occurred to me during our walk this afternoon." Hereupon he gives the outline of a very fine plot. "What a capital idea for a short story," exclaims the friend. "So I thought," remarks the novelist. "Well, will you do it?" "Oh, I've done it," comes Dr. Doyle's calm reply. "I wrote the story while you were walking in the garden."

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For the Coming Season.

A Large Line of

Spring Suits.
 Spring Jackets and Capes.
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Future Comfort for present seeming Economy, but BUY the Sewing Machine with an established reputation that guarantees you long and satisfactory service:

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ITS BEAUTIFULLY FIGURED WOODWORK,
 DURABLE CONSTRUCTION,
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THE LATEST NOVELTIES AT POPULAR PRICES.

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From an every month given away to any one who applies through us for the most meritorious patent during the month preceding.

We secure the best patents for our clients, and the object of this offer is to encourage inventors to keep track of their bright ideas. At the same time we wish to impress upon the public the fact that IT IS THE SIMPLE, TRIVIAL INVENTIONS THAT YIELD FORTUNES.

such as the "Car-window" which can be easily slid up and down without breaking the passenger's back "sauce-pan," "collar-button," "milk-bottle," "bottle-caps," and a thousand other little things that most any one can find a way of improving; and these simple inventions are the ones that bring largest returns to the inventor. Try to think of something to invent.

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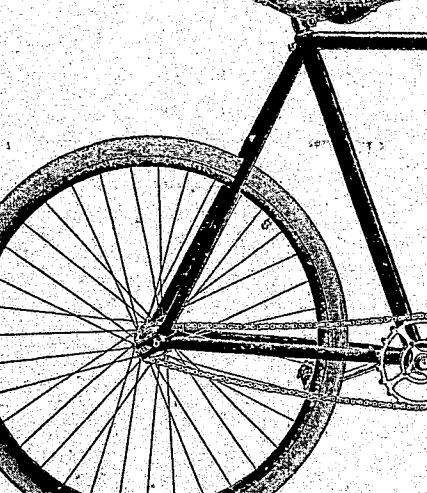
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This is a regular \$2.50 pen. We have sold a large number of them the past winter and they are giving perfect satisfaction. Get two of your friends to subscribe for the News and you can have one free of charge.

Subscribers will be allowed to vote in the Bicycle Contest but the Pen offer is not extended to the bicycle contestants.

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,

BETHEL, MAINE.



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Bethel, Maine.

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 Lowest Prices

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For the Coming Season.

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 Spring Jackets and Capes.
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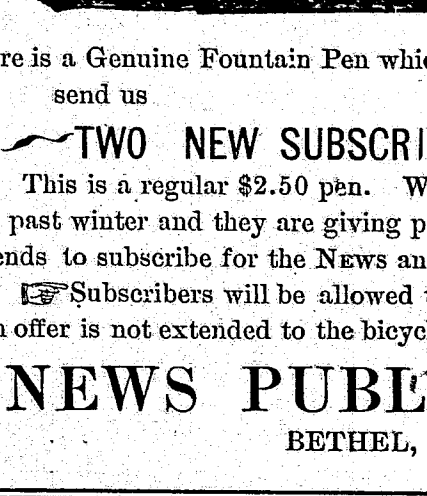
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BETHEL, MAINE.



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Notices under this heading for 25 cents. Three for 75 cents.

Those who have which they desire to on or write to A. S. Maine, who has ex- nated in Albany, M burg Academy Grad

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Mill New goods at the E. & E. Curtis, cor Railroad Sts., for s stock and fixture made to party pure

For Sale One three-seate pole, one farm wa one pair driving working harness,

those interested in that I have the agri in Oxford county Cream Separator, amine this machine too much cream by 51

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At Bryant 6 to 10 a. m.

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Those who seek a will find one at the beautiful Mount Hampshire, surround walks and drives. spring water. Large airy rooms. and new bath room. week. Mrs. S. W.

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BETHEL

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Letters of n answered. See Get our Satisfaction

E. E. WHITE

Notice of F Whereas Harry C county of Oxford, St mortgagee dead, dated of December, A. D. 1 the Oxford Registry, page 129, conveyed said Bethel, a certain situated in said Beth quarter of lot number range of lots in taining twenty-th or less, with the one acre and one-half stone wall built by said Eli Foster. Au bered twelve in the ing one hundred acre whereas the condition been broken, now th the breach of the co a foreclosure of said Administrator of the Dated at Bethel, May twenty-six